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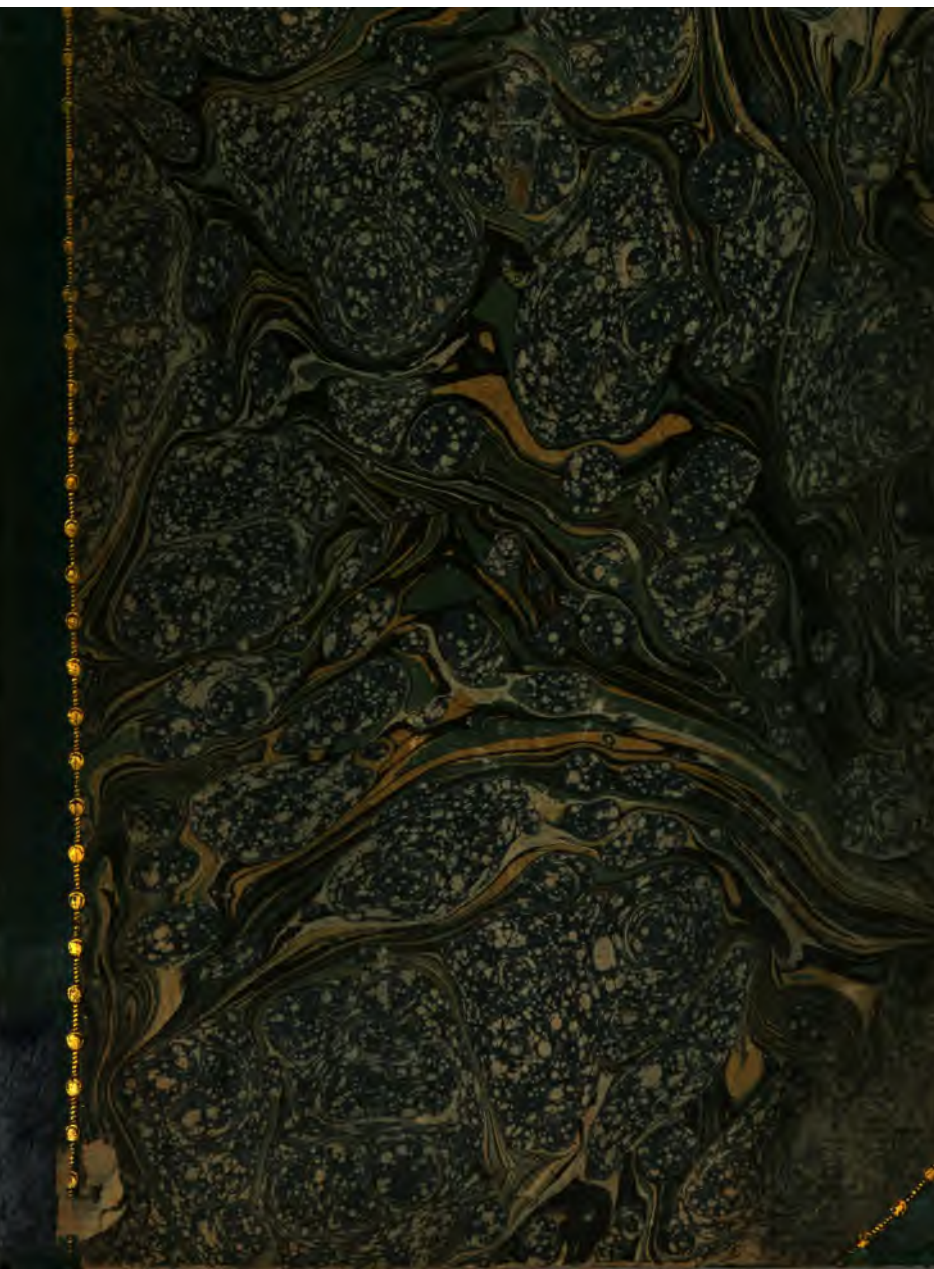
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THE
ENCHANTER;

O R,
LOVE and MAGIC.

A MUSICAL DRAMA.

As it is performed at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

The Music composed

By Mr. S M I T H.

Wm. G. G. G.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N, in the Strand.
MDCCLX.



ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the Recitative commonly appears the most tedious part of a Musical Entertainment, the Writer of the following little Piece has avoided it as much as possible; and has endeavour'd to carry on what Fable there is, chiefly by the Songs. — The Reader is desired to take notice, that the passages distinguished by inverted commas, are omitted in the Representation.

P E R S O N S

MOROCC the Enchanter, by Mr. CHAMPNES.

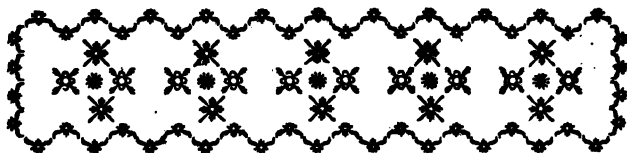
KALIEL, Attendant Spirit, by Master LIONI.

ZOREB, contrasted to ZAIDA, by Mr. LOWE.

ZAIDA, by Mrs. VINCENT.

LYSSA, by Miss YOUNG.

Chorus, Attendants, Dancers, &c.



THE
● ENCHANTER;
OR,
LOVE and MAGIC.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Enchanter's Castle.

M O R O C.

R E C I T.

O Love, Destroyer Love, this Ravage cease,
Or give me Conquest, or restore my Peace.

A I R.

I burn! I burn! —
Where e'er I turn
Each Object feeds my Flame;
The Hinds that whistle Care away,
The Birds that sing, the Beasts that play,
Shew what a Wretch I am!

B

“ A

“ A Wretch of Reason and of Power,
 “ Who in this trying Hour
 “ Cannot conquer or retreat ;
 “ Passion all my Pow’r disarms,
 “ *Moroc* yields to Woman’s Charms,
 “ And trembles at her Feet.”



S C E N E II.

MOROC, KALIEL.

MOROC.

R E C I T.

O *Kaliel*! *Kaliel*! Speak thou faithful Slave,
 What Hope? — Will *Zaida* yield? — Alas, I rave!

K A L I E L.

R E C I T.

Torn from her Lover’s Arms, — The mournful Fair,
 Rejects your Vows, and cherishes Despair;
 Like a transplanted Flower, the blooming Spoil,
 Droops in a foreign, tho’ a richer Soil.

A I R.

In vain I try’d
 Each soothing Art,
 To swell her Pride
 Or melt her Heart.

In

In vain your Love,
Your Pow'r display'd,
Nor Pow'r could move,
Nor Love persuade.

With lifted Eyes,
She *Zoreb* calls,
Then strikes her Breast !
The Sighs that rise,
The Tear that falls,
Declare the rest.

M O R O C.

Obdurate Fair-one ! What uncommon Mould
Impress'd thy Mind—That Pleasure, Power, nor Gold
Can soften or allure it ; — Take this Wand ; —

[*Gives a Wand to Kaliel.*

Again persuade, — implore, — at thy Command
Joys shall attend — While I with other Arms
My Rival seek, and Hell shall aid my Charms.

A I R.

My Slaves below
Prepare, prepare !
Enchant the Foe,
Deceive the Fair :
Magic now with Magic vies,
Moroc's Art, with *Zaida's* Eyes.

[*Sinks.*



S C E N E III.

K A L I E L.

A I R.

Fly airy Sprites,
Around her Fly :
Sooth her with Delights,
Charm her Ear, and Eye.

Fly swifter than the Wind,
Let your Spells her Fancy bind,
Thro' her Senses reach her Mind.

}
[Exit.



S C E N E IV.

A Garden belonging to the Enchanter.

Z A I D A.

A I R.

Intruder Sleep ! In vain you try
To hush my Breast, and close my Eye ;
The Morning Dews refresh the Flow'r,
That unmolested blows ;
But ineffectual falls the Show'r
Upon the canker'd Rose.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Z A I D A, K A L I E L.

K A L I E L.

R E C I T.

O Let not Grief your Bloom destroy,
Youth's fairest Blossoms spring from Joy,
And Beauty's Cheek with Tints supply,
Which nipt by Sorrow fade and die.

A I R.

Sigh not your Hours away,
Youth should be ever gay ;
Ever should dance around
Pleasure's enchanted Ground :
Reason invites you,
Passion excites you,
Raptures abound !

Spring shall her Sweets display,
Nature shall vie with Art ;
No Clouds shall shade the Day,
No Grief the Heart.

Love shall his Treasures bring,
Beauty shall sport and sing,
Free as the Zephyr's Wing,

}

Soft

Soft as his Kifs,
 " Changing
 " and
 " Ranging
 " From Blifs to Blifs."
 Free as the Zephyr's Wing, &c.

Come then sweet Liberty!
 Let us be ever free,
 What's *Life* without *Love*, what *Love* without *Thee*? }

Z A I D A.

R E C I T. Accomp.

To *Zaida's* Ears thy Strains might sweetly flow,
 Had *Zoreb's* Air or Face her Bosom fir'd;
 No transient Passion caught her Heart, — Oh, no!
 Can Passion die, that Virtue has inspir'd?

A I R.

Whate'er you say, whate'er you do,
 My Heart shall still be fix'd and true;
 The vicious Bosom Love deforms,
 And rages there in Gusts and Storms;
 But Love with us a constant Gale
 Just swells the Sea, and fills the Sail;
 Neither of Winds or Waves the Sport,
 We rule the Helm, and gain the Port.

K A L I E L.

K A L I E L.

R E C I T.

Ye Votaries of Mirth and Love,

In all your various Mazes move,
Be frolick, changeable, and free,

Charm her with sweet Variety :
The happiest Union known on Earth,
Is Mirth with Love, and Love with Mirth.

[Kaliel waves his Wand.



S C E N E VI.

LYSSA enters with her Followers, as the Votaries of
Mirth and Love.

L Y S S A.

A I R.

When youthful Charms
Fly Pleasure's Arms,
Kind Nature's Gifts are vain ;
We should not fave,
What Nature gave,
But kindly give again.

Tho' Scorn and Pride
Our Wishes hide,
And tho' the Tongue says, nay ;
The honest Heart,
Takes Pleasure's Part,
Denying all we say.

The

The Birds in Spring,
Will sport and sing,
And revel thro' the Grove ;
And shall not we,
As blith and free,
With them rejoice and love ?

Let Love and Joy,
Our Spring employ,
Kind Nature's Law fulfil ;
Then sport and play
Now whilst we may,
We cannot when we will.

[A Dance by the Followers of Lyssa.]

L Y S S A.

R E C I T.

'Tis thus we revel, dance and play,
Life with us is Holyday :
Constancy would pall our Joys,
Varied Passion never cloy.

D U E T T.

L Y S S A.

Would you taste the Sweets of Love,
Ever change, and ever rove,
Fly at Pleasure, and away.

Z A I D A.

Love's the Cup of Bliss and Woe,
Nectar if you taste and go,
Poison if you stay.

Z A I D A.

Would you taste the Sweets of Love,
Never change and never rove,
Fly from Pleasures that betray.
Love's the Cup of Bliss, and Woe,
Poison if you taste and go,
Nectar if you stay.

[Excunt severally.]

End of the First A C T.

C

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Garden.

ZAIDA, LYSSA, *and other female Spirits following.*

Z A I D A.

R E C I T.

Shame of thy Sex—begone—nor haunt me more.

L Y S S A.

R E C I T.

Will *Zaida's* Bosom from a Woman hide,
What to conceal from Man, is Art and Pride ?
Behold ! Power's sovereign Charm to soften Hate,
What melts us most !—Variety and State !

*[Waves her Wand, and the whole Scene
and Decorations change.]*

A I R.

Turn and see what Pleasures woo you,
Let not Love in vain pursue you,
Seize his Blessings while you may,
Love has Wings and will not stay.

C H O R U S.

[II]

C H O R U S.

Seize his Blessings whilst you may,
Love has Wings, and will not stay.

Z A I D A.

R E C I T. Accomp.

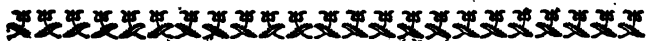
Deluders hence!—Your Spells are weak,
My *Zoreb's* stronger Spells to break;
For him alone I draw my Breath,
With him I could rejoice in Death.

*[It thunders, grows dark, and the Garden shakes,
All the Women run off, but Zaida and Lyssa.]*

L Y S S A.

R E C I T.

'Tis Past—the softer Passions take their Flight,
Moroc, comes arm'd in Terrors and in Night!
Destruction in his Eye, and in his Hand,
The Scepter of His Wrath—His *Ebon* Wand.



S C E N E II.

MOROC, ZAIDA, LYSSA.

M O R O C.

R E C I T. Accomp.

No more I come with Sighs and Pray'rs,
A proud ungrateful Fair to sue:
Revenge a Festival prepares,
A Festival for Love and you!

C 2

T R I O.

TRIO.

LYSSA,

O hear her Sighs, believe her Tears,
The Heart may change that pants with Fears.

[To Moroc,

Z A I D A.

Hear not my Sighs, nor trust my Tears,
My Heart may pant, but not with Fears ;
His Treasure lost, the Miser mourns.

LYSSA.

More Treasure found, his Joy returns,

MOROC.

Hence Jealousy and love-sick Cares !
Vengeance now my Bosom tears !

LYSSA.

“ The Joys of Power will here attend thee !

Z A I D A.

“ The Joys of Love with Zoreb fend me !

LYSSA.

“ With him your Heart new Woes would prove.

Z A I D A.

“ I fear no Woes with him I love.

MOROC.

M O R O C.

“ Away with Love and fond Desires—
“ Vengeance rage with all thy Fires.”

R E C I T.

Lyssa, depart!—this is no Hour for Joy,
I come not now to pity; but destroy—

[*Exit Lyssa, &c.*

To *Zaida*’s Arms her Lover I resign;
He’s dead, and dying thought you mine,
For him alone you draw your Breath,
With him you shall rejoice in Death!

[*Dead March.*



S C E N E III.

*A Tomb rises from the Ground, in which ZOREB lies,
KALIEL standing by him with his Wand on his
Breast.*

Z A I D A.

R E C I T. Accomp.

My *Zoreb*—dead!—then Sorrow is no more:
Now let the Lightning flash, the Thunder roar!

A I R.

A I R.

Back to your Source weak, foolish, Tears,
 Away, fond Love, and Woman's Fears ;
 A nobler Passion warms :
 The Dove shall soar with Eagle's Wing,
 From Earth I spring,
 And fly to Heav'n, and Zoreb's Arms.

*[Offers to stab herself ; Moroc runs to prevent
 her, and in his Fright drops his Ebon Wand,
 which Kaliel takes up,*

M O R O C,

Hold, desp'rate Fair— *[Takes away the Dagger.*
 No more will I employ
 Love's softer Arts, but seize, and force my Joy.
[Takes hold of her.

Z A I D A.

Help, heav'nly Pow'rs !

M O R O C.

What Pow'r can *Moroc* fear ?

K A L I E L.

The Pow'r of Virtue—which I now revere !
 With thy own Arms thy guilty Reign I end,
 No longer *Moroc's* Slave, but *Zaida's* Friend.
 Thus do I blast thee—As the Thunder's Stroke
 Blasts the proud Cedar—All thy Charms are broke,
[Kaliel strikes Moroc with the Wand, and he sinks.

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

Z A I D A.

How shall I thank the Guardian of my Fame ?

[*kneels to Kaliel.*]

K A L I E L.

Rise, *Zaidal*—Peace!—more thanks shall *Kaliel* claim.
Behold thy *Zoreb* dead to mortal View,
The Spells dissolv'd, shall wake to Life, and you:

R E C I T. Accomp.

This magic Wand, in *Moroc's* Hand
Did wound, opprefs :
In *Kaliel's* Hand this magic Wand
Shall heal, and blefs.

A I R.

O faithful Youth,
To shake thy Truth,
No more shall Fiends combine :
Now gently move,
To meet that Love,
That Truth which equals thine.

[*While the Symphony is playing, Zoreb
rises gradually from the Tomb.*]

Z O R E B.

Z O R E B.

A I R.

“ What Angel’s Voice, what sweet enchanting Breath
“ Calls hapless *Zoreb* from the Bed of Death ?

“ In Terror’s Gloom,

“ Night’s awful Womb,

“ My Soul imprison’d lay,

“ But now I wake to Day,

“ Too weak my Power’s to bear this Flood of Light,

“ For all Elyzium opens to my Sight.”

[looks rapturously on Zaida.]

Z A I D A.

O *Zoreb*! — O my Lord! — My bosom Guest!

Transport is mute! My Eyes must speak the rest.

Z O R E B.

And do I wake to Bliss, as well as Life!

’Tis more than Bliss! — ’tis *Zaida* — ’tis my Wife.

K A L I E L.

In Fate’s mysterious Web this Knot was wove :

Thus Heaven rewards your Constancy and Love.

[joins their Hands.]

D U E T T.

Z O R E B, Z A I D A.

No Power could divide us, no Terror dismay,

No Treasures could bribe us, no Falshood betray :

No Demons could tempt us, no Pleasure could move,

No Magic could bind us, but the Magic of Love.

Z O R E B.

Z O R E B.

The Spell round my Heart was the Image of You;
Then how could I fail to be constant and true?

Z A I D A.

The Spell round my Heart was the Image of You;
Then how could I fail to be constant and true?

K A L I E L.

R E C I T.

Hence ye wicked Sprites away!
Passion yields to Reason's Sway :
Purer Beings of the Air
Hover round and guard this Pair :
Love and Innocence appear !
Love and Virtue triumph here.

[Waves his Wand.]



S C E N E V.

Enter Shepherds, Shepherdesses, &c.

K A L I E L.

A I R.

Ye Sons of Simplicity,
Love and Felicity,
Ye Shepherds who pipe on the Plain ;
Leave your Lambs and your Sheep,
Our Revels to keep,
Which *Zoreb* and *Zaida* ordain.

D

Your

Your Smiles of Tranquility,
 Hearts of Humility,
 Each Fiend of the Bosom destroy ;
 For Virtue and Mirth
 To Blessings give Birth,
 Which Zereb and Zaida enjoy.

CHORUS,
 How happy the Hour,
 When Passion and Pow'r
 No longer united, no longer oppress ;
 When Beauty and Youth
 With Love, and with Truth!
 For ever united, for ever shall blefs.

A Dance of Shepherds, Shepherdesses, &c. &c.

F I N I S.



